

It was creative thought that gave birth to the page in terms of focusing energy for its physical existence. Thought will create many more pages and when every page ceases to exist, the thought of pages will create still more.

A beautiful architectural design is only as real as the thought that created it, for at one point in time and space the symbolic structure will cease to exist, yet the thought that creates architecture will continue for eternity. The seer Nostradamus wrote many physical pages most of which are now burned or lost. Yet the thoughts of those pages are very much alive. Such is the substance of eternal life.

The thought of you is the real you; not the you as seen by relatives, friends and neighbors. The real you is not your physical body for it could never accept that its effects end at the boundaries of skin.

Time was not when you did not exist and time will never come when you will cease to exist. But parts of of you will change for during your eternal life you are going through an everlasting transformation as your soul journeys upward toward perfection.

We can see such changes in the simple beauty of a nature story. Two caterpillars were friends and spent much of their time together. One day one of the caterpillars died, whereupon his true and loyal friend began a quiet grief-stricken vigil near the body of his departed loved one. After many days of sadness the caterpillar looked up to find a butterfly staring at him.

"Why do you cry?" asked the butterfly.

"Because I have lost my friend," replied the caterpillar.

Then in all his splendor and beauty the butterfly proudly answered,

"But I am your friend."

To the caterpillar reincarnation was difficult to understand, but to the butterfly it was a fact for he transcended one physical form into another, never losing the true essence of himself in the process.

In ancient Egypt the bodies of departed souls

were entombed with their most cherished possessions so that they might be comfortable along their future journey. In India for many years bodies were cremated so that the soul could rise on the ashes up to Brahma. More recently, Indian bodies are left as food for the birds with the full and complete understanding that the physical shell itself is only the temple that houses the soul. They seem to know that the same thought that created such a temple would create new temples as a soul needs them.

The American Indian knew much about eternal life. The battle between the Sioux and General Custer's troops at Little Big Horn indicates that life after death is not only a possibility but a fact. The celebrated Sioux medicine man, Sitting Bull, was known to possess unusual powers. He practiced astral projection regularly, as well as displaying all the other talents that one would ascribe to a medium.

At the time of the battle of Little Big Horn, Sitting Bull was actually a great distance away "making medicine," but it was his accurate prophecy of the details of the battle that earned him his highest honors. In the years that followed Sitting Bull discussed the Custer incident only with his tribal war chiefs. From them we have the most fascinating recollections of how this great Indian mystic went in darkness to the site of the battlefield so that he could make medicine beside the fallen body of Custer. It was then that the spirit of the departed general manifested to him and for a short time words were exchanged.

Custer warned Sitting Bull that a treacherous act by a white man against him would take place within fifteen years. He would have no foreknowledge of it and no medicine that he could make would prevent it. This would be an opening of a play yet to be acted.

"The white man would cover the earth and neither you nor I nor the Great Spirit Himself can stop the infiltration and bloodshed that will follow. We are but one act in the play and we have done as we were told. In less than fifteen years we will both be on the same